

Odds

by BakedBeanFart

Category: Fullmetal Alchemist

Genre: Angst, Horror

Language: English

Characters: Edward E.

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-09 15:34:54

Updated: 2016-04-23 13:37:46

Packaged: 2016-04-27 21:13:20

Rating: T

Chapters: 3

Words: 282

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: The odds were never in the Fullmetal Alchemist's favor, were they?

1. Odds

And so he screamed.

His lungs contracted painfully as he gasped for air. His skin and nerves were on fire as he bled out on the prison floor. Insane laughter echoed above him. His eyes were glazed and he had trouble seeing through his tears and the searing pain.

He writhed on the floor, writhing, screaming, desperately calling out for someone who would never come.

"AL!"

His dear brother.

Where was he? Was he alive? Safe?

He desperately hoped for that to be true.

But, then again, the odds were never in the Fullmetal Alchemist's favor, were they?

2. Worry

****For Flame Alchemist 13. You asked for it :)****

-o0o-

Where was brother?

He was so worried.

Every night, he would think about him, every day he could barely do something else other than fret and worry.

Nothing could calm him down.

He knew that his brother had been on dangerous missions before, but every mission his brother had miraculously come out alive.

But not this time.

And all he could do was wait.

He was scared.

The mission... It had gone so wrong. Everything had messed up.

Why?

Al wished he could cry. Greatly. And it made him ache.

3. Terrorist

Mustang narrowed his eyes.

He couldn't believe it. The mission was supposed to be easy. But instead, a certain terrorist group had to get in the way.

And now they had Edward.

He was worried for the alchemist.

One morning, he had mailed Winry the news, not willing to call her via telephone. She had burst through the door screaming, then started crying.

Mustang buried his face in his hands.

He knew what those terrorists could do.

And it was, even to him, scary.

End
file.